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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 25, 1850.

For the National Era.

LEGSTRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW. HICKORY HALL: OR THE OUTCAST. A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

> IN FOUR PARTS. BY MRS, EMMA D. E. N SOUTHWORTH.

"I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire, in frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie, Be tossed aloft through tracks of endlers void, But cannot live in shame."- Jounna Baillie

PART III .- Continued,

"Listen!" Well, I listened eagerly, too eagerly. He paused, dropped his head upon his hands, and seemed to be diving into the past. Deep silence reigned between us, broken only by the supernaturally loud ticking of the chamber clock, hurrying on towards midnight. There he sat upon the foot of the bed, his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in the palms of his hands, his stringy, jet-black locks falling for-

ward, saudder after shudder shaking his frame! "Poor fellow! he does not know how to begin," thought I, and I waited anxiously some time, a feeling of delicacy withholding me from interrupting him, until I found, by the cessation of his shudders and the perfect immobility of his form, that he had fallen into a fit of deep abstraction, and that his thoughts were far, far from me. Then, after some hesitation, I recalled him, by a rord spoken in a low, gentle tone, "Wallraven!" Wallraven was everything that the most exacting
He started slightly, raised his shaggy black and fastidious friend could desire him to be word spoken in a low, gentle tone, "Wallraven!"

"Wallraven!" said I again, in a still kinder tone, " you were about to give me"-

deep sleep, with a dream still overshadowing his

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, thou son of Eve! Never tell me of woman's curiosity! We have not a bit, have we?" laughed he, in the most exreastic and exasperating manner. You will wonder, pertone, for under all was betrayed the profoundest sorrow, the acutest suffering. I felt the same compassionate toleration for his ill temper, that we feel for the irritability of any dearly loved of her letters to me; but I knew too well that he sufferer. I replied, gently-

"I did not solicit your confidence, Wolfgang | vaded all her expressed thoughts and feelings. It was voluntarily proffered on your part; and tell you now, that unless by so doing I can very materially serve you, I have no wish to pry into your secrets, further than fidelity to my sister's interests under existing circumstances seems to require."

"To what existing circumstances do you refer? he asked, quickly.

"To your relations, or implied relations, with Miss Fairfield."

"And what do you suppose them to be?" "From what I witnessed this evening, I pre-

sume that you are engaged," I replied, gazing at him with anxious scrutiny.

"You are wrong—we are not engaged!" "Not! Is it possible that Regina has rejected

"No; for I have not tendered her my hand." "WHAT! not! Then you intend to do so a!

the first opportunity."

"No! I have no intention of ever offering my self to Miss Fairfield !"

"Then, by Heaven! much as I have forgiven

you upon my own account, you shall first give me satisfaction for your unpardonable conduct of this evening, and then swear never to offend Miss Fairfield by coming into her presence again." "Oh! Ferdinand, my fine fellow, don't flare

up. You do not know what you are talking "I say I will have satisfaction!"

"And so you shall; any and every satisfaction you please, and as much of it as you please! Come! I will fight, or apologize, as you will."

"Sir, you are my guest. I beseech you, with all convenient speed that you put yourself in some more practicable relation to the brother of the woman you have offended, that he may"-"Blow my brains out with a better grace !"

"Call you to a strict account for your proceedings of this evening." "I have betrayed friendship, trust, hospitality I merit death! Shoot me where I sit, Ferdinand.

I wish you would !" "You are mad."

"I kissed her twenty times, Ferdinand, and I

never intend to marry her. Come, why don't you shoot me ?" "You are a lunatic-you are not responsible

for any word or act," said I, and I was beginning to feel so. If I had been ever so angry with him, my resentment would have vanished, when with one of his sudden changes of mood he dropped his head upon my shoulder, and sobbed and wept like the melting of an avalanche, gasping between whiles, in low, earnest, fervent, interrupted

"I love and worship your beautiful and haughty sister! Love her because she is fair, worship her because she is proud! Yes, yes! I worship the ground she walks on-for it is holy ground the pebble her foot spurns-for it is a precious stone! Words! words! breath! air! Look you! People have talked about dying for their beloved! I am doing it! I am doing it!"

Language cannot convey the heart-rending tone in which these words were spoken. He went on-"Yes, yes! I will 'account' for my 'conduct' of this evening! I had firmly repressed my feelings for six weeks. I thought the danger over, or well nigh over! I went up to her to-night, to bid her adieu, with the stern determination of never, never seeing her again. She held out her hand-looking up to me with her beautiful, bewildering, maddening eyes-eloquent with love, sorrow, reproach, inquiry—and, and, the great tide of long-suppressed emotion rushed in, filling my heart, flooding my brain, bearing down and and I did and said—some maniae things! Come shoot me, if you please! Yes, I will meet you when and where you please, and have my bosom to your knife or hall, but never raise my hand against you, my brother, my heart's dear brother In the name of Heaven, then, why don't you

" Because I have nothing to say. I am mystified and miserable !"

"Yet, oh! do not shut up your heart to me do not! You love me! do not, therefore, lay up remorse for all your long future life by barshness to me now-for look you! my life will be short-my death violent! I know it! Speak to

"Alas! Wallraven, what shall I say? You entreat me not to shut up my heart to you. not do it. On the contrary, it is you who close yours to me. Yet do not misunderstand me; I do not complain of this, though the passion you have declared for my sister—a passion that I see but too clearly exists, and is reciprocated—makes me extremely auxious, upon account of Regina, when I reflect upon the dark mystery which you confess has blighted your own life, and dread may hight hers."

blight hers!"

He dropped his head upon my shoulder again,
and with a huge heart sob gasped—

"I cannot! I cannot! I cannot, by the broken neart of my dead mother! by the smitten brow of

my gray-haired father! I cannot reveal to you this blasting mystery! I have tried hard this evening to tell you, and the words 'stick in my throat ! But this I will promise you—never to see Miss Fairfield again! Ah! you cannot guess the suffering I bring myself, the suffering I withhold from you, on making this promise!"

"I do not demand such a promise; yet—but Wolfgang, such a demand will depend upon your working to see your promise."

reception of a question I am about to ask you, which you may answer or not, as you see fit. This dark secret — is it connected with guilt or with "No! no! no! God knows, that whatever

may be their other misfortunes, the Wallravens are physically, mentally, and morally sound!" "Why, so I have always heard of them. They are even proverbial for those qualities. Now, in he name of Heaven, give me your hand, my dear Wolfgang! Win Regins if you can! I feel sure that your distress, whatever it may be, is morbid. Nonsense! Love and friendship will cure you. What! Young, healthy, handsome, moral, intelligent, accomplished, wealthy, and of high rank, loving and beloved, with no one to cross your wishes — what should trouble you? I begin to think you a mere hypochondriac" - and so I re-

You will pronounce this hasty confidence very wrong—so it doubtless was; but I loved Wolfgang Wallraven with more than a brother's love; I was by nature trusting to a fault; I was inexperienced; and I have expiated the error by suffering in

We reached the University some time after the commencement of the term, and had to apply ourselves with double vigor and perseverance to our studies, in order to make up for lost time. From the time of our reëntrance into College,

head, and gazed upon me from his light gray eyes, with the bewildered look of one awakened from a seldom, perhaps never, cheerful. He never voluntarily mentioned Regina to me; and if ever I would name her to him, he would govern a strongly rising emotion, and say, "As Milton toiled for
fame, as Napoleon toiled for dominion, so I toil
for Regina! One day, when wealth and fame
and power and dominion—such dominion as God
gives genius—are mine, I may win her! When
I have power to place her in the highest rank of
regions in the worst signified city, in over wine. society, in the most civilized city in a yet uncivilized world, then I will ask her to share her fate haps, at the strange patience I had with that bitter and sardonic youth; but, in truth, I was more pained than angry at his ironic and insulting tape for under all was hetroged the professors. The most brilliant auguries were drawn for his future. I shared the most of the professors. them all. I felt his power. I felt that if he could once conquer a peace in his own bosom, he might become just what he pleased.

was not forgotten, by the tone of sadness that per-

PART IV. THE INSIDE OF THE OLD HALL

"A lonesome lodge, That stands so low in lonely gien, Are bung with Ivy brier and Yewe No shimmering sun here ever shone, No halesome breeze here ever blewe, No child, no matron, may you spye,

The winter vacation approached, and I once more pressed Wallraven to return home with me and spend Christmas. He declined the invita-tion, and, to my surprise and delight, invited me to accompany him to his own home in Virginia. I accepted his proffered hospitality with much there during the holydays, I prepared to accom-pany Wolfgang to Hickory Hall.

I cannot tell you with what interest, with what highly excited curiosity, I set out upon this journey to the interior of Virginia. I do not know what I expected to find; I only know that an old very old and unknown country house always pos essed a mystic charm for me; and here was one that, with its own peculiar mystery, took hold of both affection and imagination.

We journeyed by stage until we reached Wash ington city.
There, at the Indian Queen Hotel, we met Mr

Wallraven's handsome travelling carriage, with the splendid black horses, the well-dressed coachman, and mounted out-rider. Early upon the morning succeeding our arrival

at Washington city, we set out for the Valley of Virginia. You know how wild and beautiful, how savage and sublime, the scenery becomes, as you approach the Blue Ridge. We travelled by easy stages, and were two days in reaching the grand pass of the Bear's Walk.

It was the evening of the second day when we

began slowly to ascend the mountain.

It was nearly pitch dark. Floating masses of black, heavy, and lowering clouds obscured every ray, even of starlight. It was intensely, bitingly Down from our right opened, as it seemed,

to the very centre of the earth, a vast profound abyss of blackness, cloud, and shadow, from the depths of which gleamed fitfully a lurid stream of red light, flitting hither and thither as we moved, like a jack-o'-lantern, amid the blackness of that ocean of shadows.
"That is our destination, that is my hom Hickory Hall"-said Wallraven, pointing to the

elfish light. "That! How in the name of Providence are we to get down there ?" inquired I, in real anxi-

ety.

"The road is certainly very dangerous on such a night as this, and I am about to order the lamps lighted." This command he accordingly gave, and the carriage was stopped, and the lamps were lighted.

We started again, and, soon turning sharply to the right, began to descend into the vale; but before we had proceeded many yards, the coach-man drew up the horses, and, turning round, said that the lamps only made the matter worse; that the lights and shadows on the downward and precipitous road were deceptive and dangerous and finally gave it as his opinion, that we had better alight and walk down, which we accordingly did, or, rather, we climbed down—while the coachman led his horses slowly and carefully be-An hour's hard toil brought us to the foot of the mountain, where we resumed our seats in the carriage, and were driven swiftly towards the lurid light that marked the site of Hickory the lurid light that marked the site of Hickory Hall. The carriage passed through an arched and broken gateway, the light fitfully falling upon the fragments of the old and glistening red sandstone that had once formed the pillars of the gate. We stopped immediately before the broad old-fashioned hall door, to which a flight of broad oak stairs and a portico led.

An old white-headed negro, with a candle in his hand, came out and met us at the door, and saluting Wallraven as "Master Wolfgang,"

showed us into—
One of those old time wainscoted halls so com
One of those old time wainscoted halls so com One of those old time wainscoted halls so com-mon to the old mansion-houses throughout the old neighborhoods of Virginia. The dark and pol-ished oak floor was uncarpeted, and the vast room was lighted up, as with a conflagration, by an im-mense fire of large and blazing hickory logs that roared and crackled in the huge chimney. Grim portraits frowned from the dark, oak-panelled walls, and the battle of Yorktown raged furious-ty above the chimney piece. ly above the chimney piece. Four or five richly carved high-backed chairs drew themselves haughtily up, repelling all advances. Nothing looked hearty and cheerful but the great and glowing fire that warmed and lighted the room so delightfully, and blazed and crackled so gaily,

"Will you go to your room now, or wait till after supper, Fairfield? John, how soon will supper be ready?" asked Wolfgang of me, and of the negro, in a breath.

"In half an hour, sir," replied the old man who had conducted us in.

"In half an hour; well, Fairfield, what say you? Will you go to your own room? or—
John!"

"What chamber have you got ready for Mr. Fairfield ?" "Mrs. Wallraven's room, sir." "The devil!"

"Yes, sir. You wrote us that the young gentleman was delicate, and that his room must be comfortable. Now, sir, Mrs. Wallraven's room is the only one as doesn't leak when it rains, and it is coming on to rain, sir." Very well. Is there a fire kindled there?"

"Yes, sir."
"Are Mr. Fairfield's trunks carried up?"

"Yes, sir."
"Very well. Fairfield, will you go now to your room to change your dress, or will you remain here until after supper?"

"I will remain here, Wallraven; but I am sadly afraid, my dear fellow, that I have turned some one, some lady, out of her room—that would be dreadful!" Some lady! Humph! romancing again. What lady do you fancy you have turned out of her

Mrs. Wallraven." "Ah! Mrs. Wallraven, certainly. It was Mrs. Wallraven's chamber; but she was the last occupant, and ahe has nerused it for some time! Be easy, my dear fellow, the room is yours—only I hope it really don't leak."

"Sir" Where is my father ?" "In his library, sir."

"Let him know that we have arrived. He exected us to-night." Yes, sir "Go, then."

The old servant left the room, and soon after the door opened, and—
A tall and venerable old gentleman, clothed in deep mourning, and with a head of hair as white as the driven snow, appeared. Wolfgang sprang, bounded to meet him. The old man opened his arms, and silently and sadly folded his son to his om. Then he came to me, and with a singu-

lar blending of sweetness, sadness, and dignity, welcomed me to his house. He had scarcely done every vein of my heart and brain!

The next morning we sat out on our return to the North, Wolfgang insisting upon our going, as previously arranged I had stopped at Regina's cfact, to see if possibly she was up, but all was dark and silent in her room. We left without seeing her again.

we comed me to his house. He had scarcely done so, when the door once more opened, and—
I raised my eyes to see one of the most majestic and beautiful women I ever beheld advancing within it. She, like the old gentleman, was dressed in deep mourning, and her fine black hair, glittering in a thousand jetty ripules was to be a simple of the next morning and her fine black hair, glittering in a thousand jetty ripules. back, and in a large woven knot behind. She was too tall and too dark for my ideal of feminine beauty, but then her form was so finely rounded, her face so darkly, graciously, richly beautiful—a Cleopatra she was, such as we picture the dark Egyptian Queen for whom a world

"My daughter, Miss Wallraven," said the old gentleman, as the lady came in; and then, "Con-stantia, my child, this is Mr. Fairfield, with whom Wolfgang, by his letters, has already made us so well acquainted. Welcome him to Hickory Lang."

after, and in a voice whose tones were at once very low, and very full, round, and melodious, cordially bade me welcome. In a few moments after this, supper was an-

nounced, and we went to the table. Such a sup-per! It was one such as only Virginian housekeepers know how to set out.

Yes, the supper was perfect — not so the company. Wolfgang was sombre; the old gentleman's manner grave and courteous; Miss Wallraven's dignified and gracious; all very described by the set of all collivening.

admirable, but not at all enlivening. I felt an enthusiastic admiration of Miss Wallone would feel at suddenly beholding s rellous masterpiece of nature or of art—some richly, gorgeously beautiful creation, whose very existence seemed a wonder. "Queen of Egypt," "Cleeparra," "Night," "Starlight," all things darkly splendid, grandly beautiful, seemed par-

allels for her. Gazing on her, I caught myself repeating these lines of Byren, and thinking how strikingly they portrayed her: " She walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies, And all that's best of dark and bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes." After supper we returned to the old wainscoted hall; more logs were thrown on the blazing fire, and we gathered around it. The evening passed pleasantly, with conversation, music, &c At eleven o'clock we separated for the night, and Wolfgang himself attended me to my room. It was in the second story. In keeping with all the house, it was an old-fashioned apartment, the two principal features being a large tent bedstead hung with dark-green damask, and a wide fireplace, in which burned and glowed that inevitable country blessing, a good wood fire.

"I will retort your question. 'How like my sister,' Fairfield?" "Yes! that was friendly-was it not? You never mentioned your sister to me before; never prepared a poor fellow for the danger that lay

efore him-a regular ambuscade!"

I repented this flippant speech in a moment when I saw how seriously Wolfgang took it. "I am no egotist; I never was. I do not talk of myself and my family; I never did," he replied. "Pooh! You mean to accuse me of egotism, because I have talked so much about my sister Well! It is true I thought Regina the very chif d'auvre of nature until I saw Miss Wallraven! She has astonished me! She has taken away my breath with admiration! with wonder! Can beauty like that exist anywhere else than in the ideal world of poets and artists? Can such rich beauty real ly live and move and have its being in the actual

Wallraven looked really offended.

world? be sensible to sight and touch?"

"Come!" said he, "Constantia never set up for good looks that ever I heard; most certainly she has no pretensions to beauty; and, as to rivalling Miss Fairfield in that respect—pshaw! Fairfield. Constantia is no subject for jest, let me tell you! When I asked you how you liked my sister, I meant how did you like her as a pretty good girl, alto-"And I tell you that she takes my breath away

with her unparalleled, her wonderful beauty! I marvel if you are crazy, or sarcastic!"

I am in earnest—deeply in earnest"— When you say Constantia is good looking! When I say she is magnificently beautiful!

"Heaven mend your taste! Why, she is too tall,-too large, too dark !" So was that wondrous Queen of Egypt, for whom the demi-god Marc Antony world !"

"Hum! Go to bed, Fairfield." "She is the only Cleopatra I ever saw, or dreamed of!"
"You have been reading Petrarch. Good night, Fairfield. Daylight, breakfust, and a foxhunt to-morrow, will set you right! Get to sleep

soon as you can." He left me, evidently sincere in his natural brotherly blindness to his sister's superb style of

I was in fact dreadfully wearied out, and, as soon as he had left me, I threw off my clothes, blew out the candle, and jumped into bed. I could not sleep.

The blazing hickory fire in the fireplace illuminated the whole room with a dazzling brilliancy that would have left sleep out of the question, even if a female face, heautiful as an

question, even if a female face, heautiful as an houri, had not gazed mournfully at me from the wall opposite the blazing fire. It was Constantia's dark face, with less of dignity and more of love, more of sorrow, more of religion, in its expression. "The eyes were shadowy, full of thought and prayer." It was a Madonna countenance, and the longer I looked at it, the more I adored it. Yes! it was not a face to be passed over with mere admiration, however ardent that admiration with the passed over with mere admiration, however ardent that admiration with the passed over with mere admiration, however ardent that admiration with the passed over with mere admiration, however ardent that admiration with the passed over with mere admiration, however ardent that admiration with the passed over the passed over with mere admiration, as a face to be admired; and as I might be—it was a face to be adored; and as I gazed upon its heavenly loveliness, something like religious devotion moved in my bosom, and almost impelled me to kneel before that image of divine beauty, love, and sorrow. I fell asleep, at last, with my imagination full of that celestial counte-nance and my soul full of prayer.

Suddenly I awoke with a start! It seemed to me that I had been aroused from slumber as by the shock of a galvanic battery. I trembled even after I was awake as with a vague terror, of which I should have felt ashamed had I not ascribed it to a hot supper and the nightmare. I looked around the room and upon the beautiful picture. The fire was burning down low, and the flame solving a convulsive motion to the features, as of sobbling. I looked at the sorrowful sobbling face with a feeling of deep pity, as though it had in-deed been the living sufferer that it seemed. There was such an indescribable look of life,

love, anguish, on the beautiful features, I felt a

dreamy, mysterious, but intense desire to wipe away the tears from that pictured face. It was a good while before I could get to sleep. That beautiful countenance, silently convulsed in the stores of harmony. Those few notes speak of other climes,

The few notes from that pictured face. It was a turn herself sings in his voice. His notes are few, for there are few such notes to be found in the stores of harmony. Those few notes speak of other climes,

A VERITABLE DRAMA.

Ous, whose symptoms are marked and not easily mistaken. I chose it, therefore, as the subject of my first experiment with the method of Hahnemann. After I had carefully studied the writings of Hahnemann and his disciples, I read some my eyes, they would fly open again, and fix upon the pictured sufferer. Nay, even when my eyes were closed, the lovely face was still present to my mind, and it seemed to me to be heartless to go to sleep with such an image of beauty, love, and sorrow, before me. I was too imaginative. Well! the time, place, and circumstances, made

At last I fell asleep indeed; but through my dreams still slowly moved the image on the wallbeautiful, good, loving, suffering, as I felt her to have been; and with her moved another being—a perfect spectre, that might have been the consort of Death on the Pale Horse—an old, decrepid, livid hag, with malign countenance and gibbering laugh, whose look chilled and whose touch froze my blood with horror. Suddenly a noise, a fall, a smothered cry, awoke me, and, starting up in my bed, I saw in the red fire-light, between the chimney and the side of my bed, the very hag of my dream, livid! malignant! gibbering! struggling violently against Wolfgang Wallraven, who, him-self, an embodied typhon, with all hell blazing in his light-gray eyes, held her! TO BE CONTINUED.

For the National Era. TO MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY J. C. H. While many turn with supercilious air, And shun transgressors with the greatest care, With hely herror and with "hely grin," (Hating the sinner as they do the sin,) Shut their pure eyes upon the world without, Thinking contamination would, no doubt, Fasten upon their garments, and might stain Their reputation and a growing name For piety and virtue, or what naught, Should they in sinners' company be caught, (E'en though attempting to reform the man, By pointing out Redemption's wondrous plan,) And, under cover of religious real, Despising all who feel not as they feel,

Wrapped in the mantle, Bigoray and Paips, Like Priest and Levile, pass the other side, Thy voice is heard in gentle accents clear, And falls like music on the listening car, Persuading sinners to reform, until The sweet persuasion breaks the stubborn will.

A word of kindness speken, when the heart Throbs 'neath the burden of some hidden grief-A look, a smile of sympathy, when start The mind's pent sorrows, seeking for relief-May this be oft thy pleasure to impart, And thus enhance the joys of life, how brief! Hamilton, Ohio, February, 1850.

> From the Louisville Journal. OUR FOREST BIRDS.

But listen to one who has heard the strains both of the mocking bird and the nightingale—to Audubon himself: "The musical powers of this bird," says he, " have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find leasure in listening to the songs of different birds whilst in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species, in confinement and in the wild state, and, with-out prejudice, have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European Philomel equal to those of a soubrette of taste, which, could she study under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her es-

in my opinion, quite absurd."

We would not for a moment hurt the feelings of the " Sweet bird, that shuns the noise of folly.

We would not pluck a feather from "the lightwinged Dryad of the woods." But she must not engage in a contest with the monarch of songsters—with the Shakspeare of the grove. If she does so, she will certainly meet with a defeat in ors of lyric poetry-she may be the Collins, the Gray, or the Hemans, of the woods-but she mus

not claim to be

That title among the feathered songsters belong peculiarly to the minstrel of the American forest. The name applied to our songster does not give a proper representation of his character. Though takes the notes of others, he utters them wit grace of his own. Like Shakspeare, he "inles others like a conqueror." He is no mere

imitator. He is one " Whom Nature's selfe has made To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate. Neither is the bard of the forest always dramatic

Like Shakspeare, he is subjective as well as objective. He has his own notes—his sonnets—as well as his dramas. Superficial critics, too, have brought against him the same accusation that men of the Hume school have brought against Shakspeare—that he mingles together the serious and the ludicrous. But in this both Shakspeares follow nature. In nature, the mournful and the mirthful are found side by side, like light and shadow in a picture. No painting can be all light or all shadow. Our songster is Democritus and Heraclitus in one. At one time, wit and humor flash from him like lightnings from a summer evening cloud, or rather, the flasses come in such rapid succession that they form a continued gleam, an aurora borealis of humor. Soon he changes to a plaintive strain, and a beautiful melancholy spreads itself over all things. He brings up before you the memory of joys departed, the spirits of the beautiful and be ved, whose forms are with you no more. As you listen to him, even the laugh and the song of ther days are echoed by memory in pensive tones, and the brightest scenes of past enjoyment are enveloped in a sombre, though soft and pleasant atmosphere. You seem to listen to a pitying an-

gel singing a lamentation over man's perishing pes. But let us leave the "bard sublime," and turn to

"The humble poets, Whose songs gush from the heart, As showers from the clouds of summer,

Or tears from the eyelids start." Let us first turn to other songsters of the same family—of the genus turdus. Here we have the thrushes, the cat-bird, the robin, &c. Some of these, like the mocking bird, are dramatic. They are the Beaumonts and Fletchers and Ben Johnsons, but not the Shakspeares of the forest. We think even the poetical Wilson has not done justice to the cat-bird. He who rises in the early twilight of summer will hear from the neighboring tree notes which send cladness to the heart. ing tree notes which send gladness to the heart, and some which even remind him faintly of the mocking bird. We are intimately acquainted with one of these birds, whom for several years we have delighted to call friend. He leav at the approach of winter; but we know of few happier moments in the following spring when we awake on a beautiful morning, and hear his first greeting. His cat-cry, it must be con-fessed, is not the most beautiful sound in the world; but the facetious fellow only does the thing for sport, just as well-educated men some-times make use of cant terms and popular phrases. His eye has a mischievous twinkle while he is at he laughs in his sleeve at the simpleton who thinks him in earnest. He is our feathered

Charles Lamb.

Our Mmits will not permit us to do more than allude to the brown thrush, the wood thrush, and water thrush. The song of the brown thrush is generally preferred to that of the robin; but the Chaucer, too, in the fact that his strains form a

air itself seems to be music from the blue sky,

" Where the emerant fields are of dazzling glo And the flowers of everlasting blow. His notes affect us like the poetry of Spenser and, though his song is so short, he is our Spenser

of the grove. But we have no room to speak of our feathered Wordsworth, the Baltimore oriole; or of our Hemans, the dove ; or of our Aristophanes, the bobo-linkum; or of our other feathered poetical friends without number.

" And now, wouldst thou, O, man, delight the ear With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye With beautiful creations? Then pass forth, And find them midst those many colored birds That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones Are sweeter than the music of the lute, Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip."

> From the New Englander. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is the Patrick Henry of New England. If he has less natural elequence less thrilling pathos, than the orator of the Revolution, he has more polish and as much power of origination. He is a ripe scholar, a lawyer of no ordinary caliber, a magazine writer of considerable note, and a reformer of the most radical school. He is the pet speaker of the East. He has great power of perception, sincere sympathy for the op-pressed, and wonderful command over the stores of varied knowledge treasured up in his retentive memory. He has the gifts that universities cannot bestow, the current coin that cannot be counterfeited, and will be widely circulated-the prophet's vision, the poet's fancy, the light of genius. He is at home on the mountain top, and when he soars skyward he is not lost among the clouds. He has all the sagacity of the man of business united with the enthusiasm of the utopian. He seems to be equally related to Maia the eloquent, and Jupiter the thunderer. He admires the eternal, the infinite, the heaven-like, the God-approximating in the nature of man whatever may be the color of the envelope that contains these attributes.

Mr. Phillips's speeches have in them the breath

of life—hence they live long to swell the bosom and make the heart throb. He does not go to the lamp of the old schools to light his torch, but dips it into the sun, which accounts for its gorgeous effulgence. He is something of a metaphysician, but is too much absorbed in the work of revolu-tionizing public sentiment to devote his attention to subtle research and profound analysis. He makes but little preparation, and always speaks extemporaneously; consequently, some of his addresses are like a beautiful damsel in dishabile. His quotations then are ringlets rolled up in pa-pers, and the main part of the lecture like a loose gown, which now and then reveals a neck of pearl and a voluptuous bust of snowy whiteness and beautiful proportions. He is often brilliant, never tedious. Sometimes his scholarship is seen conspicuously, but it is never pompously displayed. When the father of the Fugitive Slave Law committed political suicide in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Phillips took him for subject, and dissected him in the presence of a college of reformers. While in the process, he discovered that the blood which ought to have circulated through the heart had ascended to the brain. Upon a more minute examination, it was ascertained that the bunch of muscles, commonly called the heart, was completely dried up, and quite black, to say nothing of its hollowness

It is a rich treat to hear Wendell Phillips speak reader fancy he is at a mass meeting in some forcat temple. The sun shines as though it was delighted with the gathering; the shy birds perch in silence on the neighboring trees, as though they were astonished at the proceeding; a song makes the welkin ring with melody. The chairman announces the name of a favorite speaker. A genteel man steps gracefully upon the platform. He is neatly, not foppishly, dressed. A pleasant smile illuminates his noble face. He caps at a single bound into the middle of the sub-

He reasons, and his logic is on fire; he de cribes, and the subject is daguerreotyped on the retina of memory; he quotes from some classic author, and the excerpt is like an apple of gold in a picture of silver; he tells a story, and the im-pression it gives is indelible; he makes an appeal, and tears flow freely; he declaims, and the people are intensely excited; he soars, and his lips are ouched with a live coal from the altar of inspiration. When he stops, the hearer has a pain in his side, and work for his pocket handkerchief. Mr. Phillips believes in a "higher law," so he appeals to the sense of the everlasting in man "He plays the Titanic game of rocks, and not a game of tennis-balls," and yet he floods the heart with singular and thrilling pleasure. He is the primed mouth-piece of an eloquent discharge who presents, applies the linstock and fires off, and the conservatives who stand with their fingers in their ears are startled by the report. Is there a mob? His words are like oil on the troubled billows of the chafed sea; he re-bukes the winds of strife and the waves of faction, and there is a great calm. The screne face of his bosom friend, the leader of the league, is radiant with smiles; the severe front of a turncoat or tyrant present begins to relax; the doughface is ashamed of himself, and determines that hereafter he will be "a doer, and not dough;" the stiff-limbed finds a hinge in his joints, and his supple

knees bow in homage to the speaker.

But I must find some fault, or I shall be deemed a flatterer. Let me see—what shall I say?
"Oh, he is an impracticable radical; he goes for
the dissolution of the Union, the dismemberment of the church, the destruction of the political par ties." In this he is partly right and partly wrong. "The Christian should do for Christ's sake what the worlding does for the sake of humanity," then there will be no necessity for such a reproof. The body politic should sever the leprous limb of slavery, and then America would not limp so as to become a laughing-stock and a by-word to the nations of the earth. The politial parties at the North are leavened with antical parties at the North are leavened with anti-slavery doctrines, and it is hoped they will soon rise to the level of that benevolence which will render such rebukes inappropriate. I declare it is difficult for me to find any fault in him. Reader, you may be Herod, but I cannot be Pilate, and consent to his crucifizion. I must con-fess that I love the man, although I cannot en-dorse all his creed. It is a pity that he limits his usefulness by his fierce warfare against men and measures that are too long or too short for his

ron bedstead. Mr. Phillips is a man of fortune, and one of the distinguished few who contribute to support the enterprise in which he feels an interest as much as he expends in sustaining himself and family. Physically, he is a noble specimen of a His head is sparingly covered with reddish

On those foredoomed to wear fame's golden crown.'

A phrenologist would pronounce his head

worth more than the South would be willing or worth more than the Nouth would be willing or able to give for it. He has large ideality and sublimity, hence he sears. He has large compar-ison and essuality, so he reasons by analogy. He has large hope and benevolence, and the genial sunshine of good nature irradiates his counte-nance. He has large firmness and adhesiveness, and he abides by his friends through evil and good report. His face is pleasant, and indicates exquisite taste, pure generosity, and Roman firm-ness. He is now in the full vigor of manhood, and ever ready at a moment's warning to battle for what he deems the right. Wo be unto the generally preferred to that of the robin; but the robin is our Chaucer. There is such a simple gladness in his morning notes—he pours forth his song with such realous and hearty good-will, that we cannot refuse him this title. He resembles that the resembles chaucer, too, in the fact that his strains form a united with either of the great political parties, the resembles that his strains form a united with either of the great political parties, the resembles that his strains form a united with either of the great political parties, the resembles that his strains form a united with either of the great political parties, the resembles that his strains form a united with either of the great political parties, the resembles that his strains form a united with either of the great political parties, the resembles that the re prelude to the general burst of harmony in spring. he would have been chosen as a champion; for he is the "morning star" of bird poetry, as Chau-He is the "morning star" of bird poetry, as Chaucer is of English.

But we hear the numerous tribe of warblers—the genus sylviac—all clamorous to be heard. Here is the little judigo bird rattling away with its busy song, not of the most elevated kind, but still pleasing. He is the bird Anaereon, who makes no pretensions to any deep feeling, and is too careless even to laugh at the manifestation of deep feeling in others. But leave we him, to listen to the delicitum notes of the blue bird, our little bird angel, whom we love as we love the sunshine or the blue sky. The notes of this favorite bird of ours are few, but they are notes from Heaven.

On a warm day in spring, when the earth is about to burst out in its song of flowers, when the mild air itself seems to be music from the blue sky,

Wendell Phillips is universally esteemed and so logical as the late lamented Daniel Webster, not so luminous as the ever-consistent Calhoun, not so learned as the second Adams, not so thrill-ing as Kentucky's favorite; and yet he is a more instructive and more interesting speaker than either of those distinguished men ever were, even in their palmiest days.

Wendell Phillips is universally esteemed and

## A VERITABLE DRAMA.

N. P. Willis, one of the editors of the Hom Journal, says-" We chanced, while at Constantinople, to be well acquainted with the lady whose career has terminated in the tragedy described below. We will give a translation of the incidents before recording what we knew of her. They are copied, in the Courrier des Etats Unis of this city, from the Semophore, a journal of Marseilles, which usually gives the news of the Orient on its first arrival at that port. The event, that paper states, had made a powerful sensation at Constantinople."

[TRANSLATION]

A young Greek girl, of extraordinay beauty, was married some years since to an English physician, Dr. Millingen, who had taken up his residence in the Capital of the East. After the birth of seven children, the husband, having discovered an intimacy between his wife and Feth-Pacha, the nephew of the Sultan, procured a divorce. Soon after, the divorced beauty made a conquest of Mehemet-Pacha, pacha of Belgrade, who mar-ried her on condition of her embracing the Ma-

Although very much in love, Mehemet did not seem, after a while, to be completely happy. One day, at last, he reproached his wife that she had borne him no child. Discovering thus the cause of his sadness, she determined to retain her em-pire over him by a deception. A few weeks after, she pretended to a prospect of maternity, and, in wise (allopathically) have administered. The pa tient recovered without any relapse. process of time, presented him with a noble boy-bought or stolen for her by a faithful slave who was devoted to her interests. The village, which was the birth-place, gave splendid fetes in honor of the event; the child was named Bel-grade Bey, and the delighted Pacha had not the slightest doubt that the infant was his own.

Soon after this. Mehemet was recalled from his Government of a Province, and sent to London (where he now is) as the Turkish Ambassador to that Court. But, before his departure, he expressed the wish to have another son, a brother to the beloved and beautiful Prince Belgrade, and his wife declared significantly, at parting, that there was little doubt but his wish would be gratthed. Leaving per to fuint her time at Const tinople, the Envoy took his leave, and the child was duly born, and the news sent to England, and the name given to the second Prince was

Usnud Bey.

A few days after his birth, Usnud Bey fell dangerously ill, and, by order of the physician, he was sent with his nurse to Pera, a rural village on the Bosphorus, where foreigners reside, and where the air is healthier than in the city. The infant soon returned in perfect health, in healthy child as the same one that was sent away This was an old eunuch, who had brought up the Pacha from boyhood, and who was the confidential master of his dependants In the presence of the other servants, he said to his mistress; "Madam, if that is Usnud Bey, he has mirac-

ulously changed while breathing the sir of the infidels at Perai" The mother said not a word, but, giving the eunuch a look of fierce hatred, she seized her

child and left the apartment.

But suspicion had taken possession of the mind of the old slave, who had discovered the history of his mistress, and was well aware of the illegiti-macy of Belgrade Bey. The excessive affection of Mehemet for that child had alone prevented him, hitherto, from disclosing the secret. This apparent repetition of the deceit, however, made him resolve to clear his breast. He betook himcircumstance after circumstance, and established ndisputable evidence that the veritable Usnud Bey died of his disorder, and that another child bought of poor parents, was substituted in his place. Returning to his mistress, he took the changeling in his arms, and boldly addressed her: "Madam, send back this child, I beg of you, to

Mossud, the fisherman! I know all! The pretended mother, at this, became lividly It is well !" Just before the hour of mid-day prayer, the mistress inquired for the cunuch. As steward of the household and his master's favorite, he had sumptuous apartments of his own and a bath to himself. She was answered that he was, that moment, in the bath. Her resolution was at once taken. The old man was attended by two serthese she found in the ante-room, and ordered im-periously away. She was alone with him. articles derived from the animal and vegetable

wished to know everything?" she ab ruptly said. Yes, and I know everything!" he replied To whom have you spoken of it?

"To no one yet—but I shall write to my m "I will not keep it-I will write Immediately

Here, then, is a seal for your letter !" And, with these words, she threw a cord sud-denly around the neck of the old man, as he lay in his bath, and sprang back to strangle him Weak and terrified, he could offer but feeble resistance, and soon lost consciousness. One of the dismissed slaves had stealthily returned, and found her struggling at the cord, and exclaiming,

with the rage of a fury:
"You would know all! know more, then Write now to your master! Write now, old

At these vociferations, and the chokings of the victim, the slave fled, spreading the alarm with cries of terror. Some of the servants rushed into the street with the dreadful news, and others hurried to the bath-room, where the old eunuch, dragged from his bath, had fallen senseless on the marble floor.

Deliberately unloosing the cord, the mistres calmly and silently walked through the terrified crowd, and gained her own apartments. The eunuch had been a kind old man to the other servants, and the distress, at the frightful scene before them, was unbounded. Every possible effort was made to restore him, but He railied for a few moments, summoned strength enough to reveal the circumstances given above, and died with the words on his lips.

All the vast city of Constantinople was arouse with electric rapidity by the news. Crowds rushed to the palace, and, spite of the high rank of the guilty woman, the Cadl ordered her to prison. the guilty woman, the Cadl ordered her to prison. A courier was despatched to London with the intelligence, and she will remain imprisoned, and the affair investigated farther, till his return The criminal, to all questions addressed to her, proudly asserts her right to the life of the slave, and makes no other attempt at palliation.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN HOMEOPATH IN LONDON.

Recent Development in France-Dr. Tessier's Studies and Change of Views.

LONDON, September 11, 1850. Of course the object of my visit to this country has occupied much of my attention, even during my first week in the world's capital. I have made the acquaintance of several of the most eminent Homeopathists in London, Drs. Dudgeon, Laurie Quin, Curie, and others; have visited their hos tive men-learned, and very cordial. I find them instructive and agreeable in a high degree. They are much interested, and of course I have becom so, in a recent development of homeopathy in France. It has recently appeared that Dr. Tessier, a physician of the Hotel Dieu, a great hospital in Paris, the very name of which is identified with those of the greatest physicians of the world, and to be physician in which is evidence at once of high ability—I say it has appeared that Dr. Tessier has been for several years past silently testing the claims of homeopathy in his hospital practice, ing renounced all other practice in his words for the space of two years. He has published his experience of the homeopathic treatment of pneumonia and cholers. From the excellent preface of his

lating a few paragraphs:
"Of the many who have blamed the introduc "Of the many who have blamed the introduc-tion of homeopathy into the hospitals, I know that some have done so through a laudable feeling of humanity for the patients, and a desire to sustain the dignity of the profession. They will learn by these reports that humanity has only gained by its introduction, and that consequently the dignity of the profession could have nothing to lose."

Speaking of the experiments, he says:
"Pneumonia is a disease frequent, acute, seri-brother.

books containing descriptions of cases treated by his method. After having thus learned the spirit of the formula-similar similars curanter-it re mained to satisfy myself as to the action of reme dies in infinitessimal doses. To this question devoted six months of clinical experiment, choos ing such cases, both acute and chronic, as I fell assured I should not injure. At the end of a few days the evidence that the medicines did act was complete; nevertheless, I persevered for six months. It then remained for me to test the therepentic value of the new method. As for pneumo nia, it required particular precaution. In fact no light responsibility rests on him who ventures to substitute, in the treatment of so grave a disease, a new method for one which experience ease, a new method for one which experience sanctions. I could consent to run no great risk. I managed in this way. In ordinary treatment of pneumonia, the first indication is blood letting. This, where properly administered, produces a remission of the febrile excitement, with sweat, &c. But there still remains the consolidation of the inflamed lung to be resolved, which is usually effected by tartar emetic and blisters. It would be imprudent to abandon to itself the inflammation which still remains. The fever would, in that case, light up again, and the lung go on to suppuration or carnification. I ventured, however, in the case of a patient who had already been subjected to blood-letting, to substitute phospho-rus 3 50 for tartar emetic, which I should other-

I repeated this experiment many times with the same result. But I might reasonably attribute this success to the blood-letting energetically employed at the outset. All, therefore, that I could justly conclude from my first essays was, that, if I had done no good, I had at least, by my new method, done no harm. I resolved then to diminish gradually the number of the bleedings at the beginnings of the treatment, and not to wait the remission before having recourse to the Hahne mannian treatment; still keeping in reserve, how-ever, the ordinary treatment in case amelioration should not be speedily manifest. I diminished, then, the bleedings by one, by two, by three, by four in the next patient, beginning the adminisand nearer the beginning of the treatment. I began with a dose of aconite, followed by a dose of bryonia in twelve or twenty-four hours. The less I bled, the more markedly were the patients relieved after the administration of the infinites-sinal remedies. I decided finally to bleet no more, and to have recourse entirely to the 'ho meopathic remedies.

"I cannot express the anxiety with which these first experiments filled me. In spite of the injunccharge of the same faithful nurse who had alone | tions I left with the attendants to bleed as soon as assisted at the two births; but there was one per-son in the household who refused to recognise the seemed always as if some great catastrophe were impending. Yet nothing of the kind occurred. The patients first submitted to the treatment recovered, and the rest were rapidly relieved. For two years but one has died. Two others who died were received when already in the agonies of death. Since this time I have employed the same treatment in a great number of cases of pneumonia, and my first fears have disappeared. I say no more. Facts speak the rest.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1851.

REGULATIONS BY THE COMMISSIONERS IN LONDON.

1. The exhibition is to be opened in Hyde Park, London, on the 1st day of May, 1851. The building, constructed chiefly of cast iron and plate glass, 1.848 feet long, 408 feet wide, and 108 feet high, with a machinery room, 936 feet long, and 48 feet wide, will be nearly fire proof. 2. Goods will be received between the first of January and the first of March, 1851. After the

latter day, none can be received. 3. The productions of all nations will be exhibited together under one general classification. 4. Articles exhibited will be divided into four

4. Sculpture models and plastic art.

sections, viz: 1. Raw materials and produce 2. Machinery. 3. Manufactures

5. Exhibiters will deliver their goods at their own charge and risk at the building in Hyde 6. Articles liable to perish during the period of eight months, from the 1st of January to the 1st of September, are not suitable to be exhibit-ed. This applies more particularly to certain

kingdoms. 7. Exhibiters will be at the cost of their own insurance. Glass cases, when required, must be furnished by the exhibiter. S. Any exhibiter may, by permission of the Royal Commissioners, employ a servant to keep in order and explain the articles which he exhib-

its, but not to invite purchasers. 9. Prices are not to be affixed to the articles exhibited, but may at the option of the exhibiter nissioners. 10. No articles of foreign manufacture can be

admitted for exhibition, unless they come with the express sanction of the central authority of the country which They are the produce.
11. Goods will be admitted without payment of duty, and scaled with the official scal of the board of customs till their arrival at the building; but bonds will be required of the owner or agents for the payment of duties in case they should be sold

n England after the exhibition is over. No goods can be removed until the exhibiton is finally 12. The rules of awarding prizes will conform o the section or department to which the goods

belong.

13. In the department of raw material and produce, prizes will be awarded upon a consideration of the value and importance of the article and the superior excellence of the particular specimens exhibited; and in the case of prepared materials the novelty and importance of the prepared product, and the superior skill and ingenuity in the preparation, will be considered.

14. In machinery, prizes will be given with reference to novelty in the invention, superiorty in

the execution, increased efficiency or increased economy in the use of the article exhibited. Its importance in a nocial view, and the difficulties in perfecting it, will also be taken into account. 15. In manufactures, increased usefulness, such as permanency of colors, improved forms and patterns, superior quality, or higher skill in work-manship, new materials used, and combinations of materials, beauty of design in form or color, with reference to utility, and cheapness relatively to excellence of production, will be the bases of

16. In sculpture models and the plastic art, rewards will have reference to the beauty and originality of the specimens, to improvements in the process of production, to the application of art to manu-factures, and, in the case of models, to the subject they represent.

17. Juries, to consist partly of Englishmen and partly of foreigners, will be composed of men of known ability to form a judgment, above the suspicion of either national or individual partiality.
18. No competitor for a prize can be placed on

jury in the particular department in which h s a competitor.

19. To exhibiters from the United States ther have been allotted of ground space, \$5,000 square feet, subject to a deduction of one half for passages, and of wall or hanging space, 40,000 square feet,

not subject to deduction.

The eccentric Dr. Byles had, at one time, a remarkably stupid Irish girl as a domestic. With a look and voice of terror, he said to her in haste, "Go and tell your mistress that Dr. Byles has put an end to himself." The girl flew up stairs, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed, at the top of her lungs, "Dr. Byles has put an end to him-self!" The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlor, and there was the Doctor calmly walking about with a part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up in the street, tied to his coat or cassock behind.

A GENEALOGY .- Old Williams, of Doncaster, had, in the year 1700, two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John wife, the eldest of whost was married to
Willey, the son, and the youngest was married to
John Willey, the father; this Willey had a
daughter by his first wife, whom old Williams
married, and by her had a son; therefore, Willey
the father's second wife could say—"My father
is my son, and I am my mother's mother; my sister is my daughter, and I am grandmother to my
brother."